CHALLENGER

Spring 2017 Volume 1, Number 1

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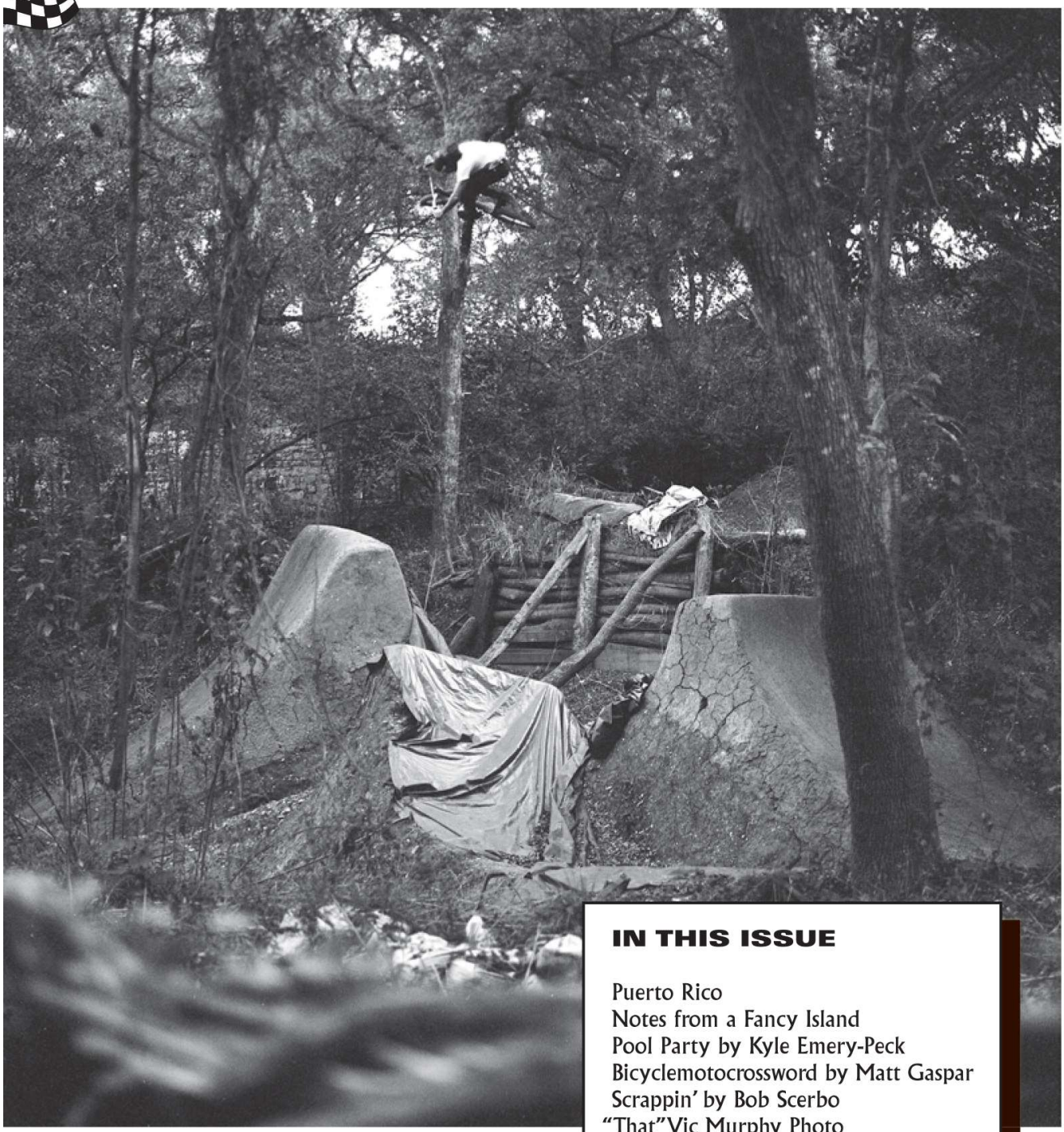


IN THIS ISSUE

Puerto Rico
Notes from a Fancy Island
Pool Party by Kyle Emery-Peck
Bicyclemotocrossword by Matt Gaspar
Scrappin' by Bob Scerbo
"That" Vic Murphy Photo
Spot Reference: van Bruggen and Oldenburg
Curvature Counsel: Jersey Barrier
Hooligan by Chris Zidek
In the Deep End by Brian Tunney
Rear Projection by Patrick Klacza
Learn How To Have Fun

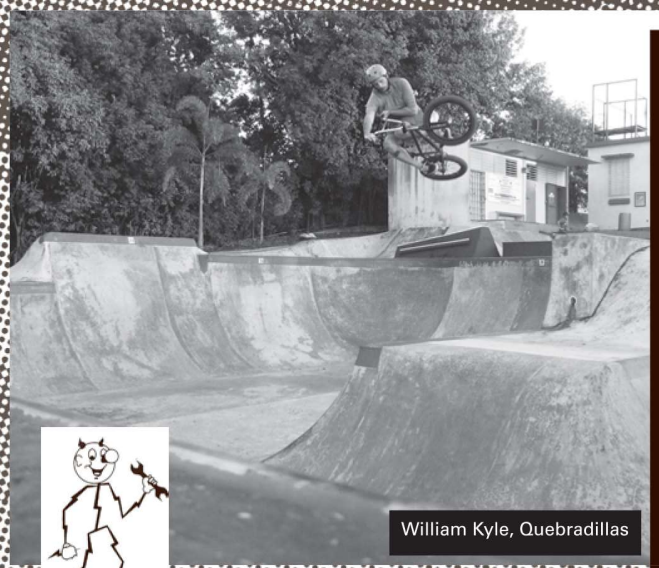
Intro/Bust

Welcome to *Challenger BMX* Magazine, Vol. #1 Issue #1. Magazine is kind of a misnomer but then again not really as Webster's defines it as "a periodical containing miscellaneous pieces (as articles, stories, poems) and often illustrated." Aye, that's exactly what this is! Whatever. It's spring, which is tight because the best weather is ahead of us. If you don't live in a place with winter weather then you can disregard that. But for those of you who have been cooped up all winter, you need to get up, get out and get something. Or not. Good weather is nice for chilling too. Anyway- back to the script- just like spring, BMX is still tight and the following pages are "proof." Whatever that means in 2017. Enjoy and see you in June.

PUERTO RICO

by Nick Ferreira

Coleman Lopes



William Kyle, Quebradillas

SCENE REPORT

Kurt, Cynthiaaaaaa!!!, Vicio, time- travelling, Rincón, 'SUP, pelvis cracks, Medalla, late-flights, Mitsubishi Mirage, cars with mad speakers, Quebradillas, "Used To This" by Future, *Ride The Lightning*, snapped handlebars, Suuuuuuuuuuuuuuuupes, sunburns, Specialized Stumpjumpers, wheelies on Specialized Stumpjumpers, San Juan, Kasalta, Evan, steppin' in shit, tucks, PAX, tabletops, wallrides, The Disfunction, Surf Bros®, Gary, "fuck all you mothafuckaaaas!", rare Japanese wagons, swimming, Impala, Carlos, Tongo, sweat-soaked grips, fire ants, "that's my town!", locking keys in rental cars, Kurt, again.

IN THE DEEP END

by Brian Tunney

I bought this used copy of Freestylin' Magazine off of eBay featuring South Bay police officer Mark Kirunchyk doing the first no-handed fakie wallride in Hermosa, and the pages were all marked up with written comments on the photos. The previous owner hated Craig Grasso but approved of this photo and the spot, which I revisited in September of 2015 to shoot the photo on the right. This is still insane to this day. I don't think I've really seen anyone aside from Vinnie Sammon step up to it in the time since but I could be wrong.

LEARN HOW TO HAVE FUN: SIP CHELADAS IN THE SUN

This one's a no brainer, hombre: Beer + tomato juice + clam broth = Feck Yah! Drop a lime on that ass and sip on the beach. TADOW! You're killing the fuck out of everything. OK, some of you may be saying: 'Clam broth?! Dafuk is that, dun?!" Take a deep breath... I'm here for you. Everything is gonna be fine. OK, let's move on. Picture this: You're on the beach sipping delicious like Santos. You know Santos right? Portugese guy… on the beach? SAND-TOES… Get it?! Yep you're that guy. Like I said before, FECK YAH!

PRO TIP: Don't mess with the pre-made Budweiser version. Shit's like high blood pressure level salty. Trust me, you don't need that in your life. Get yourself a sixer of your favorite cerveza, a few cans of clamato, and mix that shit to taste, babe. Bang Bang.

SCRAPPIN

Words & Photo by Bob Scerbo

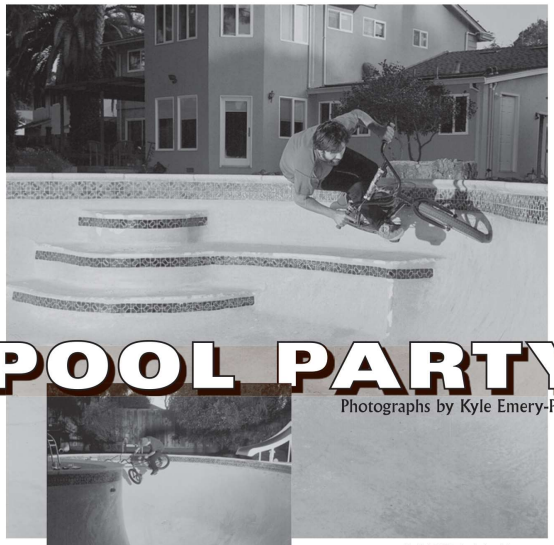
It all started at this spot for me, literally. I was born in the Clara Maas Hospital behind the Stephen Crane Village on the border of Newark, Belleville and Bloomfield, New Jersey. I never really gave the place much thought other than the occasional stop for stitches as a kid, that is until I started riding and everything began to change. I had hit the point where all the places I was told I was not allowed to go started to seem very inviting and suddenly those far away towns that only seemed accessible by car were not so far away at all.

It must be obnoxious to be around those whose brains are not tuned into the frequency, but as extreme riding induced paridolia begins to develop, the once mundane landscape becomes full of life and possibility. A simple drive from point A to point B becomes a spot hunting spectacle and every single piece of concrete starts to resemble the places the guys in the magazine were riding, just never as good. Once the brain is tuned in to this it can never be turned off.

My parents would have killed me if they had known I was pedaling to Newark that winter day in 1994, but it was worth the risk to ride with Joe Tiseo. Already a legend at the age of 20 and "better than the pros" Joe was a myth in North Jersey and beyond. We met at his apartment on Franklin St. in Bloomfield, only a few miles from my house but somehow a world away. A quick session started in the street in front of his building and I witnessed Joe do a fakie barspin on flat with a freecoaster, something that was light-years ahead of its time and I didn't learn myself until 2005. Once everyone was warmed up we started pedaling to "The Village."

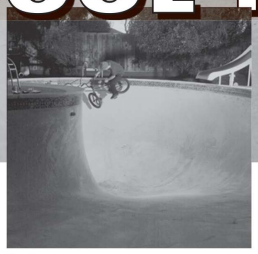
I had never been to the "Projects" before, I had only observed them from the car and had developed quite a fascination with them. Driving passed Curries Woods in Jersey City and Grafton Houses on Route 21 in Newark my mind would wander and for some reason romanticize the idea of growing up in these conditions. Shootouts, robberies, drug dealing and all the other scenarios that were being glorified and sold to me on a daily basis in rap videos seemed exciting compared to my safe and boring existence a few miles away in the suburbs. I should have been nervous going in there that day but Joe's larger than life persona seem to act like a shield. He started grinding a long rail down a walkway and the locals seemed entertained. I imagine if I had gone in without Joe, I would have been robbed, beaten, and earned myself a nice visit to the hospital I was born in a few feet away. We continued on to a wallride in the back of the complex and rode it for a bit. A few months later I got myself a hospital room with a view of the same wallride and projects after my face met a tree stump trying to learn how to grind a handrail down stairs. I sat in the hospital recovering from surgery anxious to put this minor set back behind me and get back to the mission.

It is now 2016. I am 36 years old and I am still on the same mission that began in 1994, creeping around America's inner cities looking for stuff to ride and trying to make sense of the madness going on around me. The only thing that seems to have changed is my perspective. Any time I find myself in the area of the Stephen Crane Village I still stop and hit the wallride for a bit. I know what I saw on the day this picture was taken but I would love to have seen it from the kids' perspective. I imagine three very excited young kids racing back in to the projects, all talking over each other attempting to describe what they had just seen, a man riding a bike on the wall for "30 feet!" Riding must look incredible to a fresh set of eyes. Strangely enough I met Jeff Kocsis under similar circumstances. Sometime in 2001 at the metal upledge in Clifton, NJ, a little kid rolled up to a session consisting of myself, Edwin Delarosa, Vic Ayala and a few others. He just sat there and watched. Years later, when Jeff and I became friends, he told me he was that kid and the impact that day had on him. I like to entertain the idea that the moment captured in this photo may have the same effect on a group of kids from Newark who happened to stumble upon a session happening in their neighborhood. I imagine some years down the road at a Joe Tiseo Memorial Jam a young kid absolutely ripping the park to shreds and after the session walking up to Jeff and telling him about what he saw that day on the wall behind the Stephen Crane Village and how it got him in to riding. It would be a great next chapter in the continuing story that is North Jersey BMX, as well as a great reminder that seemingly random encounters are most likely anything but random.



POOL PARTY

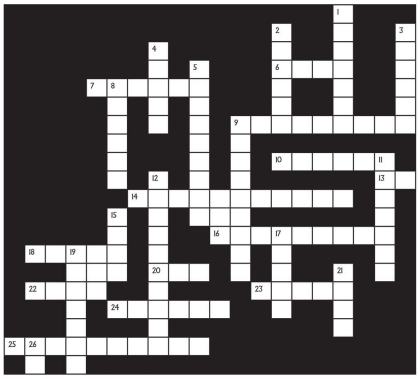
Photographs by Kyle Emery-Peck



LARGE: Jake Honesto

SMALL: Murph

Bicycle MotoCrossword by Matt Gaspar



Across

6. Dirt Jumping * BMX Racing
7. Reuel's winning move
9. Ginger Ninja
10. 1664 country of distribution
13. Keith made a sprocket for them
14. Javi, McGyver, Perico
16. Nyquist's whip after the Supra
18. Hoffman's race rig
20. Pistol grip maker
22. Sayville monkey
23. BMX parts and wheel chair tires
24. Will "The Missile"
25. Material of the R-Model

Down

1. Bunnyhop tailwhip
2. Haro parts
3. Utah's famed backyard, pre Beringer's
4. Behind Mosh
5. One of two, worked at Thule
8. Joey Garcia
9. The pose for the Hoffman neddace
11. Gave Loetterle a signature pedal
12. Dubbed "White Ruben"
15. Van's first name
17. Chris Sanchez rode and shopped at
19. Make of dual signature BMX shoe
21. 2Hip, Aluminum and 4130 options
26. Schwinn parts and accessories

First completed puzzle emailed to info@challengerbmxmag.com wins a free Tshirt. Answers in issue 2

MASTHEAD

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Carlos Santori

No Trump
No KKK
No Fascist USA

by Sam Waller

THE STOCKPORT TROUBADOUR WOZZY SHAKING PICTURE FRAMES OFF THE WALL OF A LOCAL ~~POB~~ PUB

NOTES FROM A FANCY ISLAND

— ALWAYS WORTH MAKING AN EFFORT.

— EVEN FREEZING COLD ~~AAY~~ DAYS IN THE NORTH-WEST OF ENGLAND CAN HARBOUR ~~REAL HOPE~~ MIRACLES.

— THE FLOOR MIGHT BE COVERED IN ICE
— SATURDAY SHOPPERS MIGHT BLOCK YOUR RUN-UP
— YOUR BACK MIGHT HURT
— THE LANDLADY OF THE PUB YOU'RE TRYING TO FAKIE-WALLRIDE THE SIDE OF MIGHT NOT BE BEST PLEASED

BUT

AN OLD MAN MIGHT STRIDE OUT OF NOWHERE WITH AN ~~ACO~~ ACOUSTIC GUITAR SLUNG ROUND HIS WAIST, AND WITHOUT HESITATION, BURST INTO A FULL RENDITION OF 'WONDERWALL' BY OASIS.

— A CHORD CHANGE MIGHT PERFECTLY SOUNDTRACK YOUR SUCCESSFUL ROLL-BACK.

— HE MIGHT THEN SHOUT "IT'S BRITNEY, BITCH" AND WALK OFF INTO THE DISTANCE WITHOUT EXPLANATION.

— SOME PEOPLE TRAVEL TO THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT AND NEVER WITNESS WONDERS LIKE THIS

— WE JUST WENT TO STOCKPORT.

REAR PROJECTION

by Patrick Klacza

I live in the First Hill neighborhood of Seattle. Yesler Terrace, a 30-acre public housing development built in the early '40s, occupies First Hill's southernmost border and is in the process of being torn down to make way for mixed-income housing complexes. I've watched the project unfold from its start in 2013. Suffice to say, it's an ambitious, complicated undertaking, and it's nowhere near finished.

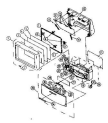
One thing is for certain: the redevelopment of Yesler Terrace has generated a lot of garbage. Much of this garbage is electronic waste[1] in the form of cathode ray tube televisions–CRT TVs. For decades, CRT TVs dominated the television set marketplace, but in the mid to late 2000s, companies like Sony, Mitsubishi, and Samsung stopped manufacturing them to meet the public's demand for PDP (plasma) and LCD (liquid-crystal) TVs, which are lighter, more energy efficient, and easier to dispose of. Because CRTs contain high levels of lead and phosphors, they're extremely hazardous to the environment and should not be placed in the garbage. Most major cities prohibit residents from disposing of e-waste in this way. Nevertheless, when I walk around Yesler Terrace, I see discarded CRT TVs all the time. They're usually cosmetically sound, but unless I carry them home with me and plug them in, there's no way of knowing whether they work.

Another common sight: empty flat screen boxes. A new TV to take the old TV's place. In the case of Yesler Terrace, the city is forcing its residents' hands, saying, you could either lug this heavy, outmoded set to your new apartment, or you could buy a flat screen, which is not only lighter, but will take up less room where you're going. When you get down to it, the choice is simple: it's time for an upgrade. The cycle must continue.

I imagine a similar cycle has all but played itself out in the suburbs of Chicago, where I grew up. In 2008, my parents replaced their Sony CRT TV with a Sony LCD HDTV.[2] We moved the old Sony into our lake house to replace an even older Sony that had served our family for 15 years.[3] Meanwhile, back in the suburbs, my parents reclaimed not one square foot of living space. The corner where the old Sony used to be now belongs to the new Sony. Sure, a change has occurred, but was it an arbitrary one? What did my family gain? Why do we keep buying televisions?

Years ago in the age of the CRT TV, when television sets failed, owners would hire repairmen to fix them. How quaint! But seriously, when was the last time you or someone you know serviced a television? For me, the year was 2010. I was between college and grad school, and living with my parents. I spent many days and nights watching TV in the basement where it was cool. After a few months, however, our old Hitachi rear-projection television (RPTV) started malfunctioning, its picture separating into reds, blues, and greens. I'd smack it on its side to get the colors to realign.[4] That worked for awhile–until it didn't. Unwilling or unable to carry the 60" Hitachi up the stairs and to the curb, my dad called a repairman.

Through the mid '00s–and especially in the '90s–when people spoke of "big screen TVs," they meant RPTVs, those tall, deep, and massive sets that could be found in so many suburban basements. I remember getting ours in time for Super Bowl XXXI, how the size and clarity of the screen made it seem like I was on the field. And every time a television event of similar magnitude aired–the Seinfeld finale, Game 6 of the '98 NBA Finals, and when John Carpenter won a million dollars[5] –my parents would vacate their first-floor recliners and trek downstairs for a rare basement appearance. Our big screen TV brought us together. And though that may seem kind of sad in retrospect, back then it didn't feel sad at all. It felt exciting. The Hitachi elevated television.[6]



In many respects, RPTVs deserve a critical reevaluation. Their immovability/permanence is their greatest attribute, they present opportunities for long-term use via repairing/replacing broken parts (lamps, convergence circuits, etc.), and without getting too sentimental or preachy, hiring a repairman or woman helps bolster local economies and feels less icky than buying a whole new set from Amazon. We should all feel at least a little ashamed by how often we toss out perfectly good electronics–and not just TVs. Laptops, cell phones, tablets… When we're due for an upgrade, we shouldn't go immediately to the Verizon store. We can all live with a cracked screen.[7]

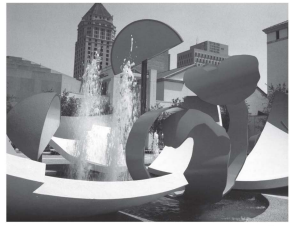
I'm also intrigued by the sculptural potential in every RPTV. They remind me of shoebox dioramas and of light boxes, and I imagine they could be repurposed as such. An RPTV's depth, weight, and implied nostalgia might lend a piece a certain gravity. Imagine walking into an art gallery and seeing a wall of RPTVs like they used to have at Best Buy. An artist could create this show, and for cheap. Search Craigslist. There are currently four free RPTVs available in the Seattle area, all bigger than 50 inches. To compare, a 36x48 inch stretched canvas won't come cheaper than $30. The difference? To own that RPTV, you've got to haul it away yourself.

The other day, as I was walking down a block of soon-to-be-demolished Yesler Terrace homes, a thought occurred to me: where are the RPTVs? I realize that many residents couldn't afford them or avoided them for spatial reasons, but given the ubiquity of flat panels, flat panel boxes, and bulky CRT TVs, I remain unconvinced that there aren't RPTVs in some units. What will become of them? Will the city abide its ordinance and take them to be recycled? If not, how many will be buried in the rubble? C

Patrick Klacza wrote this in July of 2015. He now lives in Juneau, Alaska with his wife and daughter.

1 "E-waste."
2 No shortage of abbreviations in the tech industry!
3 Bear in mind that, seven years later, every one of these TVs still works. We never got rid of the older Sony. It remains unplugged on the floor. What do you call a TV that you'll never watch again but can't stand to throw away?
4 This produced a cavernous sound–so satisfying.
5 The Who Wants to Be a Millionaire? contestant, not the acclaimed director.
6 But not videogaming. My dad frightened me away from playing my N64 on the Hitachi, claiming it would, "burn an image into the screen."
7 This isn't a particularly original thought, but I think it bears repeating.

SPOT REFERENCE: OLDENBURG van BRUGGEN



Like most things one is passionate about, BMX has been a gift and a curse. I've met lots of people, learned how to problem-solve, become (relatively) self-sufficient, etc. But I've also had to deal with injuries, missed deadlines because I had to "hang with the boys," and at 31 I still get caught up in some serious FOMO when it comes to missing a session. But all of the downsides put together don't even come close to what I've found the most unfortunate of all: the one-track mindset of BMX that overtook my life for so long. Sure, it's great to "see the world differently" because you ride but one thing that I didn't really see differently was why and how the spots we ride came to exist or recognize their importance. I've been to engineering marvels and architectural masterpieces but until recently only saw them as something to ride. And while I still love finding and riding new spots, the history of them and how they have come to exist, has started to become just as interesting to me. Seeing The Glory Hole's spillway built to do exactly what it was intended to do earlier this winter was almost more interesting to me than seeing someone hit 11 o'clock on the fullpipe. Spot Reference will be a column to briefly discuss the original intentions of what are now legendary spots. First up: the orange peels in Miami, FL with a slight digression to another spot by the same artists.

The orange peels are a piece of that urban puzzle that we all see but don't really take notice of, public art. That easy-to-miss if you're not looking for it vibe of public art is one of the reasons why I like it so much- you could have sat through mad art-history courses like myself and still walk by pieces that are actually a big-deal, capital "A," piece of Art just like the orange peels. The orange peels or rather the transition that we often see people riding is actually part of a public art installation by the American sculptors Claes Oldenburg and Coosje van Bruggen, *Dropped Bowl with Scattered Slices and Peels*. The piece was built in 1990 and was meant to act as an homage to the city/state and what it's known for: citrus fruit, The Orange Bowl, and water.

The husband/wife art duo, known for their large-scale sculptures of mundane objects like baseball bats, buttons, and flashlights also created the piece Cupid's Span, a huge version of Cupid's bow and arrow penetrating San Francisco's picturesque waterfront. Built on a grassy hill, the arrow penetrating the earth is, according to the artists, supposed to evoke the mythological tale of Eros shooting his arrow into the Earth to make it fertile. Word. I guess that makes sense.

I've never ridden the orange peels but I did ride Cupid's Span. The sculpture is so large it's one of those forget-to-look-up experiences where it feels almost impossible to even take it in. I think that feeling kind of sums up the experience of spots, and maybe life in general. For better or worse, it's hard for us to see the bigger picture. Whether it's a piece of municipal infrastructure or a million dollar sculpture. C

ORANGES: Coleman Lopes
CUPID: Frank Labudzik

Bobby Proctor by Vic Bentencourt

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT:
William Kyle, Phil Bossmeyer, Erik Elstran, Bob Pergl, Timmy Theus

HOOLIGAN

Photographs by Chris Zidek

Ryan Wayne by Tim Burkhart

SOUNDTRACK & INSPIRATION

Hypernormalisation by Adam Curtis
Jennie Jones' artwork
Dead Prez - Let's Get Free
Acid surf magazine
Red Steps/The Fancy Island
Skunk Bros YouTube tree ride video
Metallica
Jamie XX - In Colour
Sarah Morris - Capital
Let My People Go Surfing
Grand Pulaski Yacht Club
The Ratkid footage where he rides through alleys in China
Lucky Dragons - The Upward Spiral
Kingdom - Tears in the Club
No Logo
The Slash Magazine book
Suicidal Tendencies - s/t
Dirt Bros.
Friday nights at the track
Going to the track again
REVS
Black Lives Matter
Word videos
New Hoder footage
Skateboarding again
4Seasons bowl
Graphic Design of West Town
Four Tet
This burger made out of tires I saw in Puerto Rico:

BRAD McDONALD ON "THAT" VIC MURPHY PHOTO

An short email Q&A by Nick Ferreira that took place over 5/31/15 - 6/11/15

First, I love this photo. One of my favorite aspects of the photo is how casual the session looks: there's a rider (looks like Dave Voelker?) in the background, which makes it seem like you were just snapping away at curb jump session. Was that the case? How'd you end up shooting with Vic that day?

We started shooting that day at Mission Trails, a dirt jumping spot in San Diego. That's where we shot the cover photo for that issue. Eddie Roman and Big E were there, and I remember them holding flashes for me (thanks, guys!). After we wrapped up there, we went to the curb spot. I was shooting B&W film there, so it didn't require flashes or complicated setup. That helps keep things relaxed feeling. The rider in front of Vic is Tony Skojec. Voelker lives in San Diego and was always one of my favorite riders to shoot with, but he wasn't with us that day.

It looks like this photo ran in issue 6 of Ride BMX within an article on street riding. Were you shooting for that article at the time? How important was it to show someone like Vic Murphy using an obstacle that arguably almost every kid in America has access to?

I didn't plan to shoot this, but the appeal was pretty obvious once I saw it. A one-footed table is timeless, and no one does them better than Vic. Combine that with a curb jump, which everyone who's ever ridden a BMX bike can relate to, and you've got something people pretty unique.

The photo is very simple, but obviously has had lasting appeal. You can figure it out in two seconds, but you can also look at it every day on your wall without being bored by it. There are still very few riders who can do what Vic's doing, and there's nothing trendy or overly dated that makes you cringe twenty years later.

If I'm correct about which issue it ran in, that issue also featured Vic Murphy on the cover also doing a one-footed table. Obviously, times were much different in 1993 than they are in 2015 but how did you make the decision to run two photos of the same rider doing the same trick in the same issue?

It is unusual, but I thought both photos were good and different enough. I was making the magazine pretty much by myself back then, so I didn't have to convince anyone, haha. At the time, I preferred the cover photo more. From a photographer's point of view, that photo was much more technically challenging to pull off, and the photo style was more unique at that point in time. But as with music and other art forms, technical achievements don't really matter, it's about feeling and emotional response. I still love the cover photo, but it's certainly been overshadowed by the curb shot.

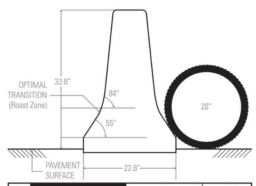
It's crazy to me that this photo is over 20 years old- when you were taking this photo did you have any inclination that it was going to be such a classic photo? (It's plastered all over the internet and is one of the first images to come up when someone searches for Vic Murphy). I know it's hard to ever know that kind of thing but you must have had some idea considering you were editing one of the only major BMX publications at the time.

No, I had no idea it would become so popular. In some ways, it took the Internet and social media for it to have this resurgence, so I didn't predict that in 1993, haha.

Okay one last important question that may be too hard to remember: What did you guys eat that day?

No idea, but if I had to guess, I would say Taco Bell since I pretty much lived on it back then.

CURVATURE COUNSEL



Welcome to The Curvature Counsel. This column will focus on covering the countless curvatures and shred-able pleasures the good earth has provided in optimal proportions to the 20 inch wheel. Our purpose is woven with wonder and zest for the best caliber of curves on all the continents. We will present you with an infinite thesis on transitional surfaces, landscapes and places to toss a tabletop.

The Curvature Counsel is directly derived from a tenure behind the trusty spade splashed with a quick swish of sweet talk spouted off about "the dozens of Curvature Research Centers strolling down the beach in their bikinis." A double entendre derived from the virile mind bent on the penchant of tearing off g-force driven jumps and roasting back alley wallrides.

The ever so fashionable Jersey Barrier is our first specimen for its simplicity. Conventionally used as a makeshift quasi quarterpipe on any roadway, the F shape Jersey Barrier amasses a shadow with just enough tranny that would have Sir Isaac Newton looping out and questioning his Law of Universal Gravitation. The transition is far from favourable, but the freestylers of yesteryears past have proved gravity wrong once again with swift tact and simple technique rendering many Jersey Barriers stamped with evidence of your buddies gettin' sideways.

These very tire hieroglyphs are a true testament to the collections of curvatures that we at The Curvature Counsel will honor, catalogue and collaborate on, for many mannys to come.

And as always, safe landings out there. C

PUBLIC NOTICE: Scotty Cranmer Jam: Sunday July 23rd 10-5 Trumbull, CT BMX Track jump line, sidehack racing, pit bike racing, manual contest, raffles and silent auction! All proceeds to benefit Scotty Cranmer **CONTACT:** jpdoherty70@gmail.com